Haunted by you

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by decievedead

Summary

It isn’t over, Nigel will always find a way to get inside Alex’s head, no matter what the cost is.

Ripped away from his spade with such cruelty, losing the person he'd become so dependant on - it felt as if it had only happened yesterday.

"This isn't the end, Jack!"

Those had been the last words Alex had ever heard from his spade; yelled out almost as a threat over the sound of the heavens falling, echoing in his ears even after he'd arrived at the station. The pure heart-rending emotion the words had been laced with still tugged on Alex's heart to this day, keeping him up at night and leaving him unable to fall into the desired state of unconsciousness he'd been deprived of - draining him of his slumbers as he tossed and turned in his lonesome hospital bed.

Alex had been on the ward approximately three months and five days.

Countless therapy sessions, countless psychologists trying to unravel his mind, each and every one failing to do so. It was practically impossible, the only other being able to figure Alex out being the one he wasn't allowed within 5 feet of.

He was a broken record, grieving for what he'd lost all whilst being told he was of unsound mind for doing so. It wasn't fair, to be snatched away and thrown into unknown territory, not a single change to even utter a goodbye to the boy whom had somewhat stolen his soul. The nurses and doctors had insisted it was for the better, that they only 'wanted to help', resorting to restraining him and drugging him up when he tried to escape- though Alex knew better than that. He knew they were just selfish lowlifes, with nothing better to do than treat those 'weaker' than them in order to feel better about their pathetic selfs. They couldn't give a singular damn about Alex or Nigel, they only cared about receiving their underpaid wages at the end of every dragged out month.

He was alone. Oh so dreadfully alone without the excitement and thrill of being around Nigel. Alex needed him to function, their personalities so perfectly moulded into one that together, they were unstoppable. Without his spade; there was no Jack. It was just as Nigel said - before they met, they were incapable of reaching their true potentials. And now, them being apart, Alex was simply a shell of who he used to be.

Time on the ward ran slow, each day almost identical to the one prior, little exhilaration other than the occasional fight with other patients. Alex couldn't stand them. The way they'd undermine him, belittling him to some freak obsessed with his delusion of 'eternity'. He would've never had this issue to begin with if it weren't for the obnoxiously loud doctors, clearly not respecting the privacy of their patients - but he got his revenge on them too.

Of course, it may have ended with once again being restrained, yet Alex definitely got a good few punches in there beforehand.

Living without Nigel was something Alex never thought he'd have to do. He'd fallen so far into the other clutches that he'd forgotten how to function himself; relying on him to make the decisions, to do what was necessary to achieve their goal. Each day he spent forced away from him drove a spear further and further into his heart, his mind becoming increasingly unhinged with every moment they spent apart.
Alex would spend each night reassuring himself that this wasn't the end - they would be reunited. Yet that hope soon turned into a dying flame, burning out entirely on the second month he'd spent trapped in the unloving walls of his assigned room. He'd begun to accept Nigel would not be coming to pull him out, nor would he for him; the last words he'd ever hear from him being none other than a false hope, a lie.

Or so he believed.

Alex had been paralysed in his bed, unable to move or fall asleep as his mind ran riot, each and every moment he'd spent with Nigel playing on loop- it felt so vivid, so real. Nights like this were the ones he dreaded most, as rare as they were. It was as if he'd been dragged back in time, cursed to never be able to erase the grip Nigel still held over his mind. It felt like only yesterday he'd listened to him spout out his deluded words, words that squirmed their way into his brain, consuming him whole as if he were his prey. He could still hear him, the way he spoke his name in a tone that filled Alex with compulsion, passion.

"Jack."

It sounded far too close to be in his mind. In fact it was the most real Nigel's voice had felt in a long time. It was almost torturous how close he felt.

"Jack."

The voice spoke again, this time causing Alex to open his eyes as he sat up abruptly in attempt to free himself of it.

Then, his blood ran cold.

He'd hallucinated before, but no, this was different. This was far, far different. Light from the hallway seeped into the room through a crack in the doorway, a figure stood in its path. Alex's eyes focused, the truth of the figure being impossible to comprehend- there was simply no logical

explanation for it. There was simply no way on gods earth Nigel was standing there.

That was what Alex believed until he took steps closer, swiftly closing the door behind him with a gentle click, the room falling into darkness once again. He listened as the footsteps drew closer, ending when they reached the side of Alex's bed. No words were spoken as 'Nigel' sat down beside him, the moonlight outside allowing just enough light into the room for Alex to be able to see his sharp facial features. It was somewhat nostalgic - reminding Alex of when Nigel would pay him visits each night, how they'd simply sit in silence, occasionally getting a little too close to the other.

"I've missed you, Jack." The words sent a chill down his spine, it being far too surreal for Alex to even begin to believe Nigel was truly there. Because how was he? He'd been stolen from him, sent away far from where Alex was. Though when Nigel's hand reached out to cup his cheek, it felt as if his entire perception of reality collapsed upon him. Hallucination or not, it felt real.

"Are you really here?" Alex whispered, his voice low in disbelief. The coldness of the hand on his skin was one he knew too well, if this was some trick his mind was playing on him, he'd be damned.

"I am. It seems as though you've struggled without me." Nigel leant in closer, breath prickling against Alex's own as he locked their eyes in a look of relief, of reassurance. He hadn't changed in the slightest, his appearance exactly the same as Alex had imagined for the past few months. The same piercing blue eyes that could burn holes through him if he tried hard enough, and the same almost angelic face that seemed as if it could do no wrong.

"You being here is just about as believable as my father actually giving a fuck about me." Alex shook his head, backing up against the wall as he shrugged Nigel's hand off from his face. "You're in my head again, so get the fuck out."
He was almost certain it was the hold Nigel still had over him trying to drive him out of his mind. It was just that, a delusion, and it didn't matter how real it felt, or how many times it happened, it couldn't change reality. Yet Nigel shifted himself closer, kneeling before Alex on the bed as his hand grasped at his shirt, tugging him forward. Their faces almost touching as their eyes met once again, Alex's clear shock displayed across his face.

"If I wasn't here, Jack, I'd be gone by now." Nigel's voice held a mocking tone, as if he found the state of Alex a pitiful sight. It hurt, to see his spade lose faith in him, yet he couldn't blame him. He was a complete mess - or

he'd become one, at least. And he was right, if he was a figment of his imagination, he would be gone. Alex could only see Nigel if he wanted to, the moment he failed to believe it, he'd vanish. However Alex also knew his mind was cruel; it wasn't too far fetched to believe it had adapted in ways he wasn't aware of to hurt him more.

A silence filled the air, hanging heavy over the two as they both sat there. Alex glared daggers through Nigel, the built up emotions inside unsure of how to present themselves in any way other than anger. There had been so much Alex told himself he'd say to Nigel if he were to see him again, yet now the time had finally come, his mouth ran dry as if it were a broken faucet. He felt as if time had stopped, as if the past two months of his life couldn't have possibly been real now that Nigel was sat before him. He felt complete again.

"Don't you want me here Jack?" Alex failed to respond, jaw clenched tight as his eyes met with that of Nigels, an intense tension growing between the two of them. It was one Alex was rather used to, one that he and Nigel would often share as they sat in silence, consumed by the darkness of the night. It was moments like these that actions definitely spoke louder than words; Words were frankly something neither Nigel nor Alex needed.

"Well then, I see how it is." Nigel spoke, some kind of amusement indicated in his tone, at what? Alex couldn't say. Yet despite the darkness, he knew he was wearing that god forsaken smirk of his. Oh how he'd been fooled by it so many times.

No words were spoken after that, though the tension ceased to ease. It was simply silence enveloped in darkness, then eventually, light.

And then, as if he'd never been there in the first place, Nigel was gone.

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